

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

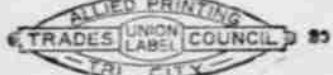
BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$2 per year by mail in advance.

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Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.



Friday, July 17, 1914.

General Blanquet went with Huerta obviously to cover his flight.

Discontinuing of legal hangings in Arkansas is not likely to cause any serious falling off in the demand for hemp in the state.

News that the watermelon crop is to be a record breaker will mean little to us till we see the price cards in the shop windows.

If the democrats nominate Franklin D. Roosevelt, cousin of the colonel, for governor, the Roosevelt family skeletons are likely to get a good dusting.

If it is true, as reported, that General Villa has found a way to effectively deal with the I. W. W., it is up to the other Mexican aspirants to withdraw and make his election unanimous.

If the surgical expert who claims he can graft hair onto bald heads will exhibit a satisfactory sample of his work in one of our Second avenue show windows he may be assured of a nice run of business.

Dummy railroads are to be wrecked by the Illinois National Guard engineers on their annual tour of duty at Camp Lincoln this summer. This is all wrong, all wrong. The people of the state are paying to have these men trained for war and not for high finance.

Huerta's reported millions may enable him to live in comfort for the remainder of his days, but they will hardly purchase for him in European capitals the forms of diversion which have made him such an effective agent for the prevention of the over-population of Mexico.

A two-cent advance in the retail price of meats is in prospect, but with pork chops at 25 cents, sirloin steak at 30 and porterhouse at 35, a boost of a few pennies a pound does not mean as much as a few years ago, when the whole family and the dog and cats could be fed on a 10-cent soup bone.

Just after we Illinoisans, in our ignorance, had about reached the conclusion that the free railroad pass evil had been knocked out, came the report of the senate committee to the effect that two southern roads last year had issued free transportation for 11,000,000 miles of travel, valued at \$240,250.61! Verily, this is a wicked world.

"A majority of prisoners are in a state of physical insolvency," said a well known physician at the alienists' convention in Chicago the other day. Judging by their agility in running over turnkeys and climbing the walls, the prisoners who from time to time are confined in the Rock Island county jail must be an exceptional lot.

Burlington button manufacturers who have been compelled to sue owners of excursion boats for damages because the women employees lose so much time tangoing when the calliope plays are advised to move their factory to the tri-cities so the girls can get used to it. It is not a matter of record that anyone up here was ever affected as the Burlington maidens are said to be.

Anyhow, the present trial in the Rock Island county circuit court bids fair to settle some questions which the people are feverish to have decided. One is whether Lawrence M. Magill and L. M. Magill are one and the same person. For the sake of entirely clearing up the point, it is suggested that the identity of Larry Magill be determined at the same time. The public is also awaiting with bated breath to learn whether one Lawrence M. Magill was ever state's attorney and whether one O. L. Bruner is in fact now sheriff.

WATCH THE WATER.

When the individual or a family departs for a summer outing the natural tendency is to leave as many cares behind as possible, and to relax many of the cautionary methods they carefully observe at home. Of these none is perhaps as important as that of drinking water, for many who go out to seek recuperation, return home with a dangerous attack of typhoid, says H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics. Unsafe food will usually betray itself, but a drinking water that

is clear as crystal, and quite palatable, may be full of deadly germs.

The summer resort, therefore, will do well immediately on arrival to make a thorough investigation on his own account, and not be content to take the assurance that is so confidently offered. The writer recalls a fishing summer-resort hotel at a lake where the house was an example of neatness, and the lake clear and deep. An examination, however, disclosed a gas engine busily at work pumping from the lake and only 20 feet away all the sewage and waste water from the place as busily returning to its original source. When questioned, the manager was positive no harm could result because the lake was deep near shore and the wind frequently stirred it up.

Wells especially are suspicious propositions, as underground streams often carry a considerable distance, even when surface drainage is apparently taken care of. In all cases of doubt it is much safer to insist on boiled water, which, when cooled, is not very objectionable as to taste, and is much safer.

The city dweller is, moreover, less immune to many risks the person living an outdoor life constantly might successfully resist.

GOVERNMENT WATER POWER.

Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner is not in favor of giving private interests the right to develop the water power of the Mississippi river on the Rock Island rapids. He writes:

"Personally, I believe the government should build and operate its own power plants, selling the power direct to the consumers at actual cost. I am now working on a bill looking toward a huge government power plant in the Mississippi river at a point near the tri-cities to be determined by the army engineers. The Mississippi is the people's property, and if it is to be harnessed it should be in their interest. If a few capitalists are permitted to build the plant under a long term lease the enterprise will, judging from past experience, only enrich them, while if the government swings the project it will be a real blessing to the people."

As usual, Congressman Tavenner is right. There are two good reasons why the government should retain control of the water power facilities here in their entirety. If there is any profit to be derived the government, or in other words, the people, are entitled to it, and furthermore, the future of Rock Island depends on it. It has the advantage of as much power as it can use now and in future.

Owning, as it does, Rock Island, and having a plant which already develops part of the power to be derived from the rapids, the government cannot grant any private franchise without entering into a partnership with those in whom the rights are vested. The manner in which such an alliance usually works out is only too well known. Your Uncle Sam generally pays the heavy end of the bills, while the private interests take the long end of the profits.

No private concern can so thoroughly develop the power possibilities here as can the government, and it is to the interests of this community that all the energy possible be placed at the disposal of the tri-city community either in the arsenal shops or otherwise. Probably ten times as much power as the arsenal will ever be able to use can be generated. The sale of the surplus at a figure which would give the government enough profit to pay interest on its investment and provide for maintenance would be the biggest possible boon to the three cities, for it would give cheaper power even than that which is furnished at Keokuk and would be the strongest sort of an inducement for the growth of local industries and in the acquirement of new ones.

As was shown recently by Colonel G. W. Burr, commandant of Rock Island arsenal, water power is now being developed at about half the cost of steam power, and there is no reason to suppose that the figure per unit would be materially increased if the power plant were enlarged to take all possible energy from the river here.

Cheap power and as much of it as is needed is all that is required to guarantee the future of Rock Island arsenal as the biggest government plant for the manufacture of war equipment. No other present arsenal can compete with it in point of economy; in fact, none can do so now. The time is undoubtedly coming when the government will free itself from the clutches of private manufacturers and will make nearly, if not quite all of its ammunition, armor plate and other military and naval equipment now furnished by contract, and an enlarged government owned power plant here would go far toward bringing to this arsenal the most of the work.

It is easy to see where the people's interests lie in this matter, but of course Congressman Tavenner will find powerful opposition to his efforts to pass his proposed bill. The coteries of men who are negotiating for permission from congress to privately develop the rapids cannot be expected to enthrone over his plans, and neither can those who are now selling power, either here or elsewhere in the upper river valley. The Keokuk Power company would make a desperate resistance to any project which might result in the sale of power beneath the present rates of the powerful concern, and there would be many others with vested interests and millions back of them to be heard from.

It may take years to secure authority from congress for the government to proceed with such an undertaking as Congressman Tavenner proposes, but the result is worth fighting for and the three cities should get together in the cause.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) Washington, July 15.—The patronage of agriculture by the government of Australia is worth something to the farmer there.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Over in Australia the government builds a residence upon the land, giving the settler the choice of 14 different styles of houses to select from. It seeds one-fourth of each allotment to alfalfa, the settler paying one-fourth of the cost and having ten years in which to pay the remainder.

Besides this the government loans to the settler an amount of money equal to 60 per cent of the permanent improvements that he places on the land at a rate of interest varying from three to three-and-one-half per cent per annum. He is given encouragement in many ways to become a home owner and live upon the land and help to raise enough to feed the people of the country who are engaged in other than agricultural pursuits. He is given 30 years in which to pay for his land, paying six per cent interest on the purchase price; four-and-one-half per cent goes to pay interest on the debt; one-and-one-half per cent goes into a sinking fund which at the end of 30 years pays the whole debt.

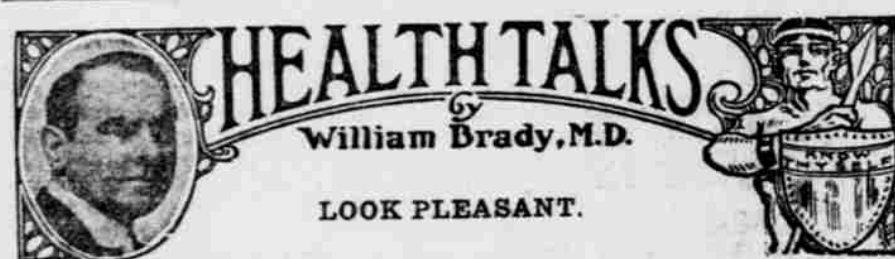
Boost for O'Hair. Gilson Gardner, a fearless and progressive Washington newspaper correspondent, has the following kind words to say about Representative Frank T. O'Hair, of Illinois:

"From the Eighteenth Illinois dis-

A Chinaman on the Opium Habit.

In the American Magazine appears an article entitled "A Modern Opium Eater," written by a newspaper man, who became a victim of the habit and is now a convict in a penitentiary. In the course of the article the author quotes as follows what a Chinese den keeper said to him about the power of the habit to hold its victims:

"You no quit. Every man alleetime say he quit. Every man alleetime you. Smoke one time, smoke two time,



A great many neurasthenic women, aided and abetted by their uncouthly healthy husbands, acquire the bad habit of feeling sorry for themselves. A young mother tied down by heavy responsibility—responsibility weighing from 10 to 14 pounds and the very picture of his dad—has a right to indulge in this delightful pastime occasionally. It makes life worth living. But all other half-time invalids must and shall look pleasant at least half of their time.

The Expression and the Mind.

Facial expression not only reflects, but in a good measure controls one's state of mind. If you pull down the corners of your mouth and elevate the inner ends of your brows and frown just a wee bit, you will presently begin to feel melancholic and depressed and envious of other people's happiness. If you keep your mouth bowed upward and try to show your dimples if you have any, or if not your crow's feet, you hypnotize yourself into a state of gentle hilarity in keeping with the expression.

The stimulating influence of comedy and music and good humor is largely attributable to the unconscious mimicry of the audience. When you get a smile out of a wheeze, hold it just as you try to do in the photographer's gallery when he commands you to look pleasant if possible. You may never realize how care distorts the features till you sit for a picture. Then you discover how difficult it is to look pleasant for a moment, and you see that the photographer is in dead earnest when he says "Look pleasant, if possible." He fears you've forgotten how.

Relation to Health.

Facial expression affects not only your own health but your friends' as well. For instance, by raising the upper lip enough to slightly expose the fang of your canine tooth, as a terrier does when he meets an antagonist, and uttering some sarcastic, biting comment to your neighbor, you'll soon have him threatening to report you to the board of health for keeping chickens.

By going around with such an expression on your face you earn the reputation of being a grouch. It is easy to play the role when you look the part. But remember, the sole reason Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not, it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

trict comes the announcement that Joseph G. Cannon proposes to run again for congress. This should be quite an inspiration to the friends of Frank T. O'Hair, present democratic representative from the Eighteenth last election. It is to be hoped that O'Hair will run again and be reelected. He has been an excellent representative for that district, in most delightful contrast to Cannon. He votes intelligently and progressively, and he is a tireless worker. He has not been in the house long enough to make a marked impression, but the impression he has made has been a very good one."

Victory For Pinchot.

Conservationists of the Pinchot school are delighted with the turn affairs have taken in Washington. After studying the problem for several months President Wilson has come out in favor of the Pinchot plan of conservation of water power. Under this plan no water powers or power sites belonging to the government are to be alienated from the people, but development is carried on through a system of leasing. Because he has taken a definite stand on the question the Adamson water power bill is to be re-drafted. Secretaries Lane and Houston, in whose departments the Pinchot conservationists are thickest among the government scientists, will have a big hand in the redrafting of the bill.

Personally, I believe the government should build and operate its own power plants, selling the power directly to the consumers at actual cost. I am now working on a bill looking toward a huge government power plant in the Mississippi river at a point near the tri-cities to be determined by the army engineers. The Mississippi is the people's property, and if it is to be harnessed, it should be in their interest. If a few capitalists are permitted to build the plant under a long term lease, the enterprise will, judging from past experience, only enrich them, while if the government swings the project, it will be a real blessing to the people.

smoke tee time, then smoke alleetime. Chinaman, white man, chokkyay (negro) alleasme. No can quit. Bimeby you die you quit. Bimeby maybe you bloke—no more money, no more fiend bollow money, no can steal money, maybe quo quit one, two days. Bimeby maybe you go jail, not get fiend bling you hop, no get money given policeman catchem hop, you quit. You got money, no go jail, you no quit. I heep sabb. Bimeby you see."

The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND
The TWO FLYERS

John Jenkins was a poor young man who had to earn his bread. He had no friends at court, but there was gray stuff in his head; He shunned the haunts where foolish men their precious leisure spent, And people gave him praise, because it didn't cost a cent.

Van Buren Spriggs was fortunate; he was his uncle's pride. And got a lot of millions when that childless miser died. Society then took him up; he dined with dukes and earls, And in a little while he knew a score of chorus girls.

John Jenkins figured out a plan whereby, with spreading wings And bags of gold and pulley wheels and many other things He would enable men to soar above the tallest trees, To navigate the atmosphere with safety and with ease.

With rule and chalk he worked it out; he labored night and day; He spent his hard-earned savings and from pleasure turned away; He filed and sawed and apliced and grooved for months with soaring hopes And wrought, at last, a miracle of canvas, rods and ropes.

In later years John Jenkins and Van Buren Spriggs, downtown, Sat by the wayside, hungry, and conversing on the past; It seems that Jenkins couldn't get his ship to cleave the sky, While Spriggs, upon the other hand, had made his money fly.

What He'd Say.

"What, sir," asked the large man with the bulging biceps and the ponderous fists, as he glared at the slim gentleman who had accidentally stumbled over his toes, "would you say if I were to tell you that you were an awkward ass and an annoying chump?"

"I should at once say," replied the other man, who had enjoyed the advantage of a course in the diplomatic service, "that you had the courage of your convictions."

Weak Minded, Undoubtedly. "I think that man intends to do something desperate, and that he is deliberately trying to arrange it so that he will have little trouble in showing, if it shall become necessary to do so, that he is insane."

"What has caused you to form such an opinion?" "When he was taken into court yesterday for exceeding the speed limit he admitted right away that his automobile was going 40 miles an hour at the time the policeman called on him to stop."

The Glory That Was Rome's. "What most interested you in Rome?"

"In Rome? Say, I'll never forget Rome as long as I live. They had the sweetest little manure girl in the hotel where I put up that ever trimmed a nail."

What a Man Says.

"You can't," says one of the philosophers, "tell what a man knows by what he doesn't say." But you can generally tell by what he says what a man doesn't know.

WELL, YES.

"Do you know, my dear, that the bills you've run so far this month amount to just \$45 more than my income will be?" "Do they? Dear me! How proud it must make you to know that your credit is so good—that our leading merchants have such confidence in you."

She's Such a Tease. Fate seems to like to soundly whack the man who bears a grudge. Just mischievously for the sake Of making him yell "Ouch!"

Trouble.

If people were as resolute in reducing their wants as they are in increasing their demands, the world's worst troubles would quickly disappear.

An Arkansas rural pastor recently went to Pecos, Tex., a distance of 750 miles, to baptize J. E. McConnell, a wealthy ranchman. McConnell desired that this particular clergyman should perform the ceremony and paid his traveling expenses.

The Daily Story

His One Failing—By Elliot Walker.

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"I'll get Tinker to take you out. I guess," said old Sackett. "He's just come in."

"Is he a good, safe man?" asked Mrs. Cranby.

"Who—Tinker? Safe? Well, he's supposed to be safe—safe as they make 'em round here," responded the hotel keeper. "He's been up in the woods with a party for two weeks—got back this mornin'. Best guide on the lakes for a young fellow. Quiet, good lookin', and knows his business—you'll like him, marm. He'll work around the house till another party picks him up—maybe a day or two or a week. You're lucky to get him—I don't know as he'll go out. He's cranky sometimes."

The Cranbys had just come up to the String lakes, that well known chain where the lower one affords good hotel accommodations, fair general society and poor fishing and the upper ones being into tinkers, "That's his accomplishment," according to distance. "It was too bad that papa had to get that disgusting telegram which called him back to nasty old Wall street just as he was comfortably settled. How mean and inconsiderate for those people to fall at such a time!"

So said Ethel, who, with her mother and sisters, lamented the trying circumstances in various degrees of impotent wrath.

"He will be back soon, in a week probably," explained Mrs. Cranby. "Meanwhile we must enjoy ourselves as best we may. It is too bad, though. What shall we do for amusement? It's a dull place."

"Let's have a picnic tomorrow!" cried Harriet, the second shining light in the galaxy of daughters. "That will be fun." Her eighteen years had not dulled her appreciation of the love of freedom, and the woods and waters appealed to her strongly.

Ruth and Maria, the junior hopefuls, whose respective ages of fifteen and thirteen were as yet undimmed by the tarnish of society, gave glad accord to the proposition. To them a picnic embraced many thoughts of mild adventure, as well as a variety of refreshments, which alone was worthy of their approving consideration.

Ethel, whose twenty summers had brought to her much beauty of face and form and a rather undue portion of masculine adoration, poochpoohed the picnic idea at first. Finally she graciously yielded, thereby receiving much thankful acclamation from Ruth and Maria.

"I won't row five women, Sackett—you can put that down," observed Mr. Tinker when he was approached. "I'm willing to take two. Let 'em have a couple of boats, and the Injun can row one. Five females in a boat isn't safe."

Tinker had considerable fault to find, and he did it loudly, addressing his remarks to the hotel man, who was on hand to see them off.

"Why don't you keep your old tubs in some kind of shape, Sackett? I'm ashamed to take a lady out in this one—it's all fish scales!" he cried. "He's a mite sour this mornin'," whispered Sackett to Ethel. "I don't mind him. Usually he don't say but little. Fine lookin' feller when he's dressed up. Knows a lot too."

The girl was gazing at the active figure in the boat, swabbing away with an old rag of a sponge.

"I think I'll go in Mr. Tinker's boat," she said very audibly.

The man looked up, and they met. "She's a stunner," thought Tinker. "He looks like a nobleman in disguise," mused Ethel. "I'll take Maria with me," she called, "and then the children won't get fooling."

"The 'Injun,' who was only a tall, tanned Yankee with strongly pronounced features, accepted all burdens meekly and grinned as he started with his load.

"Where are you goin', Tinker?" he asked as that gentleman drew away from him.

"Over to Bogey point," answered Tinker. "Got any tobacco?"

"Yep!" replied the Injun. "Got a whole new plug."

"How long will it take to row to the point?" asked Ethel.

"Half an hour," was the short answer.

The pretty girl in the stern gazed reflectively across the lake. She wondered how much she could accomplish in half an hour.

She brought her eyes back to the face of Tinker. He was looking straight at her with an expression of respectful admiration, and his bright brown eyes sought hers for a moment and then dropped.

The girl had smiled into them, a quick "I like you!" smile, and the guide's cheeks burned through the tan.

His features were an almost childish look of pleasure and embarrassment. Ethel smiled softly at some interesting thought. Could she have read the mind of Tinker she would not have smiled.

"Trying to flirt with the guide, eh?" he was thinking. "Well, let her go it. I'll just lead her on. I'm nothing but a poor, unsophisticated countryman, but good looking enough for that beauty to try to upset. I haven't rowed pretty girls around this old pond for six years for nothing. She evidently thinks I never saw a girl before. I guess she is younger than she looks."

Tinker stopped rowing long enough to pull off his gray slouch hat and drop it at his feet. Then he dipped his brown hand in the lake and rubbed his hair vigorously with the cold water.

"There," he remarked; "that feels good."

"Mr. Tinker," observed Maria, "you are quite a beautiful looking man. Isn't he, Ethel?"

The guide looked at Ethel and smiled—a very pleasant, indulgent smile.

"Hush, Maria," said her sister reprovingly, with a quick blush. "You mustn't be personal in your remarks." "You look like a picture of young St. John," went on Maria in an absorbed tone. "We have it." "If I feel honored," laughed Tinker. "I know the picture of which you speak. In the old days"—he suddenly became very serious and bent to his work, sighing a little as if at some sad remembrance—"no matter," he said softly.

Ethel was now consumed with curiosity, and her eyes inquired of his tale looked up. He shook his head.

"Not now," he said.

The picnic was a great success. Ruth and the Injun appeared to have formed ties of the closest interest. It subsequently turned out that these two had possessed themselves of sundry delicacies from the basket, the Injun's pocket being a convenient repository. "I'm sure they put in more than a plain complaint," and in more than one particularly about the apples. They must have forgotten."

It was all very beautiful in the fresh, sweet air, with the wild sounds of birds and little waves. What more conducive to a nap for Mrs. Cranby and small explorations for Harriet and the little girls?

Tinker rowed Ethel along the shore and up into the cool shade of Moon creek, where the fine old trees and the limpid water combined to form a picture which would have gladdened the heart of a painter in water color. The very air seemed to invite confidence and to induce low toned and very earnest conversation. The Injun seemed and lounged, and the fair afternoon was soon over.

"Have a nice time yesterday?" observed Mr. Sackett to the eldest Miss Cranby as she sat on the piazza the next morning trying to read.

"Lovely," responded the young lady dreamily. "Oh, Mr. Sackett!"

"Yes?" said her host interrogatively. "Isn't that young man—that one you called Tinker—isn't he quite superior to most of the men about here? He talks very nicely—I mean uses such good language," went on the girl, bestating a little. "He was not born here, was he?"

"Eh?" ejaculated the old man. "Oh, well! Let's see! Yes, he does talk like a—be's a quick feller. He got some education when he was younger, and he's smart. Remembers everything. He can talk all right. Likes fun, but he's real solemn and steady most all ways."

"Yes, he was telling me," said Ethel absently.

"What was he tellin' you?" asked Sackett.

He gazed at the pretty, confident face and smiled quietly.

"Did he tell you about his uncle?" he went on, without waiting for a reply, "and his college days—the unjust charge and how he bore it all to shield another—how he ran away and was now livin' in this desolate country, away from everybody, where he could feel free and independent?"

"Ah, you know about him, too?" cried the girl.

"Yes, I know about him," answered the hotel keeper. "Did he tell you about thoughts and ambitions and things—how he hoped to go to the city and begin over and succeed? Maybe he asked you to be his friend?"

Ethel nodded.

"He thinks he will succeed," she said. "He seems so determined and strong. I shall be glad to be his friend."

"Did he tell you," resumed Sackett with great solemnity, "that he had a wife and two kids over in Brushyville, four miles east of here?"

"Mr. Sackett!" cried the girl, jumping up in consternation. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—that's right," answered her host, "and that's the only true thing in the whole story—the rest is all lies. He's told that tale before. Yes'm, he's got a nice little woman and two boys that he thinks the world of, and he's a good guide and a good feller. I've never known him to be except about this one thing. Wonder why he does it?"

His keen eyes twinkled. Ethel, almost as tall as he, peered into them as if trying to read his thoughts. She burst out laughing.

"That's right," exclaimed Sackett. "You're a sensible young lady. Goodness, but your face was red, and your eyes blazed for a minute!"

"Where is he?" asked Ethel. "I want to see him."

"He's gone," said the landlord. "He went up the lakes with a party early this mornin'. I don't expect him back for a fortnight."

"We will be gone by then," said the girl. "I'm sorry. Well, you tell me I have a little sense, and I forgive him. It was a real mean trick—tell him he was too—but it wasn't a bad lesson. He tell about it?"

"He—Tinker? No! He'll never tell it, and I won't!" exclaimed Sackett. "I don't think I will, either," said Ethel.

July 17 in American History.

1744—Elbridge Gerry, statesman and "signer," born; died 1814.

1864—General J. B. Hood succeeded General J. E. Johnston as commander of the Confederate forces defending Atlanta, Ga., against Sherman's army.

1860—Lewis Cass, statesman, died at Detroit; born 1780.

1903—James Abbott McNeill Whistler, artist, died; born 1834 in Lowell, Mass.

The daily average of telephone conversations in this country last year is estimated at 26,310,000.